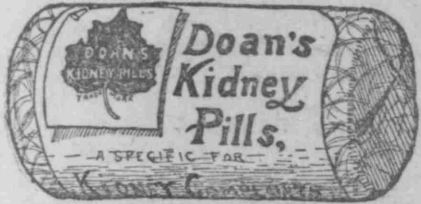


AN IOWA MAN

Discovers the Right Thing at the Right Time.

Mr. E. Sayre, official government and meteorological reporter, residing at Ogden, Iowa, was a very sick man from his kidneys. Mr. Sayre was prostrated in the summer of 1898, and almost despaired, as all endeavors to check the trouble proved of no avail; just at the danger point of kidney trouble he found a remedy that cured him. It was in a little wooden box and

LOOKED LIKE THIS—



If you have any kidney or bladder ills and want to be cured, cut out this coupon, send to us with your name and address, plainly written, we will mail you

A FREE TRIAL.

THIS COUPON

good for a free trial of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, a modern kidney specific for Backache, Rheumatic Pains, Urinary Disorders, Dropsy, and all ills of the Kidneys and Bladder.

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y.

BLUNDERING COURTESY.

The Obliging Young Man Had Hair on His Head and Could Spare His Hat.

Excessive kindness of heart, when allied to a blundering courtesy, is occasionally productive of an amusing incident. Of such is the following: A president in recent times of one of our royal colleges was noted for the possession of a trim little yacht, which he was fond of sailing in one of the reaches of the River Thames, says the *Canal Friend*. One day the president had the misfortune to capsize his craft, with the consequent result of complete immersion. He was immediately assisted ashore and a change of clothing provided at an adjacent boathouse. This, however, did not include a hat of any description. The president, who is an old man and correspondingly bald, stood shivering, his scant hair uncomfortably stirred by the breeze. His plight was observed with respectful compassion by one of the students of the college who had witnessed the catastrophe, and offered his own headgear. The president, however, seemed reluctant to accept it, saying: "If I take yours, what will you wear?" "Oh, sir," said the student, "it doesn't matter for me, I've got hair on my head." This statement was accepted as final by the president, together with the cap, and he laughed heartily at what, after all, was not wholly a one-sided joke, for the conservation of the student may be better imagined than described.

THEIR GENERAL ORDERS.

A Raw Recruit Who Had His Instructions Committed Letter Perfect.

A Washington boy, son of a well-known official of the District government, is home for a brief visit from his station at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, he being a second lieutenant in the United States army. A large number of recruits are being "licked into shape" at Columbus Barracks, and the young officer has a store of amusing anecdotes relating to the "rookies," says the *Washington Star*.

One of the recruits was walking past as a sentinel when he was approached by the officer of the day, and asked to repeat his instructions. The reply was:

"Walk this post, keeping always on the alert, and don't let any disreputable people in, except officers' wives and families."

Another sentinel, in reciting his instructions, said:

"I must not let any children go outside the post alone, unless accompanied by their mothers or nurses."

Couldn't Be Square.

"Of course," said the promoter of the get-rich-quick company, "we can only give the prospective earnings in round numbers."

"Ah, yes," replied the victim, "because they couldn't possibly be square."—Philadelphia Press.

Father of the Pastor (after the sermon) — "How Horace has changed since he was a baby!" The Mother — "What an idea! Of course he has changed." Father — "What I mean is that when he was a baby he used to keep me awake."—Boston Transcript.

Some music hath charms that would drive a savage to drink.—Chicago Daily News.

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Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Footache
All Bodily Aches
AND

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CHICAGO
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PUZZLE PICTURE



"I WILL NOT ALLOW HIM TO PASS." WHO?

A REMARKABLE BOB CAT.

Draws the Water and Catches the Poultry for His Owner's Camp Up in Maine.

Asa Wing is the owner of a tame bob cat which is endowed with more intelligence than is given to most cats. This cat, says the *New York Sun*, is two years old and has been allowed to run at large ever since Wing pulled him from the side of his dead mother, whom he shot on the shores of Middle Chain lake in June, 1900.

At that time the kitten was no more than a shapeless mass of soft fur and sharp claws. Wing fed him on cow's milk and inside of a month he was able to kill Wing's entire flock of hens, thereby cutting off his owner's supply of fresh eggs. But the men who employed Wing to do their paddling and cooking never suffered for fresh poultry, because as soon as the hens were gone the bob cat went into the woods and caught more partridges than could be eaten in camp, keeping up the supply all through the year. Though it is illegal to shoot partridges between January and September, the law does not apply to cats, and when a man has dead partridges placed upon his doorstep every morning, Wing thinks it is his duty to see that the food is not wasted.

And as the bob cat waxed strong with age he increased in wisdom, doing many things that surprised his owner and several that made him very angry. The climax came during the drought of last fall, when the water in the lake became warm and full of sediment, compelling Wing to dig a well for himself and his guests.

As it would take two days to go to the village and get a pump, Wing saved time and expense by putting a well sweep above the hole in the ground and drawing the water with a log bucket attached to the sweep. No sooner had he put the swinging pole in place than the bob cat perched on its top and had great sport in scampering from the end above the well to the end on the ground the cat's weight causing the pole to rise and fall like a see-saw. Wing tried to drive his pet away, but could not do so, because as soon as he went to the well the cat would run to the farther end of the pole, placing itself beyond reach and raising the filled bucket to the surface ready to be poured out.

Wing is not an educated man, but he

knows a good thing when he sees it. No sooner had he seen that the cat could draw water for fun than he made up his mind that the animal should draw water as a business. Riggng a bail to the edge of the watering trough and placing a hook on the side of the well bucket, he went out to put his idea into practice. The cat was hanging from the end of the pole over the well and the filled bucket was deep down in the water. Wing clapped his hands and made a rush for the cat.

The cat at once took the sound as a signal for sport. He ran to the outer end of the pole, bringing up the filled bucket, which caught upon the bail on the trough and was emptied. After this Wing stepped back a rod, and the cat anxious to continue the play, ran forward and submerged the pail. In ten minutes time the sportive cat had filled the wooden trough with pure water, and Wing had not taken his hands from his pockets.

Since that time Wing has drawn no water and will not permit his guests to do so. Some of them offered him \$25 for the accomplished cat before they came away but Wing laughed at them. He says that an animal which can keep the house supplied with fresh poultry for the year around and draw all the water for his stock and boarders is as good as a hired man.

Do Stars Explode?

The appearance of a new star in the constellation of Perseus, and its rapid expansion into a nebula, which has been going on for some time past, has revived among astronomers the theory that some nebulae may be formed by explosion. About 170, Prof. Bickerton, of Canterbury college, New Zealand, showed that, if two stars should graze one another, the abraded parts, if relatively small, would have so high a temperature that they would at once become nebulous, and that the nebula so formed would, under certain conditions, continue to expand until dissipated in space. The present expanding nebula has been growing at the extraordinary rate of several thousand miles a second, and is, in many ways, one of the greatest celestial wonders of the times.—Success.

A Generous Traveler.

American—I have only a hundred-mark bill, can you change it?
Cabby—No, sir.
"Well, then, drive me around town until I owe you that amount."—Megendorfer Blaetter.

It has been remarked that although women succeed in most things they undertake, they are no good, at least in England, at commerce.

This observation does not hold good in France, where many of the large wine-growers, sugar factories and other important concerns are in the hands of women. In the shop, too, they take an active part, are up early and late, displaying great intelligence and capability in all branches as well as bookkeeping. In this country women seem to take a second place. There are no female Liptons, Harrods or Besses, while even linendrapers, shops are generally managed and controlled by men. Our business capacity is certainly not sufficiently developed.

It is further asserted that no well-kept hotel or club is managed by a woman, which seems on the face of it a paradox, for surely woman is the born housekeeper, and hotel-keeping is only a home on a large scale.

I fear the accusation is true. WOMEN ARE TOO FOND OF PETTY ECONOMIES, THEY CANNOT GRASP THINGS AS A WHOLE. They scrape and cheese-pare, lose good servants for the sake of a pound or two's wages, and buy cheap provisions with the idea of economy.

TRUE ECONOMY IS TO BUY THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AND GET THE BEST VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY.

In English hotels the most curiously antiquated prejudices still survive. For instance, in the heat of summer, when provisions are as cheap as possible, fresh fruit and vegetables rarely appear on the coffee-room table. I have seen, on a sweltering day in July, when strawberries were being positively given away, dried prunes served up as the stewed fruit for dinner. Such foolish economies and short-sightedness send people abroad, where dessert is always offered, and salads and nice vegetables are a sine qua non. Women might study these matters with advantage, and thus learn to be good managers of hotels. As it is, the men step in everywhere and USURP ALL THE PURELY FEMININE EMPLOYMENTS, as dressmakers, hairdressers, cooks and managers of ladies' clubs.

HYPNOTISM THAT FAILED.

The Scheming Operator Got Too Near His Subject and Something Happened.

"I have come," said the clever young hypnotist, making two or three mysterious passes with his hands and looking straight into the old man's eyes, relates the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "to ask you for your daughter. We love each other very dearly—look out, there is a horsey buzzing near your left ear!—and we want your blessing. I am fully prepared to take care of a family—be don't remember your name, do you?—and the sweet one who is so near and dear to you will be perfectly safe in my keeping. Of course you would not think of raising an objection that might make her unhappy all the rest of her life, would you? Yes, it is very kind of you to give—oh, poor old donkey, have you eaten all the nice fresh grass there? Come, I will lead you to another spot where it is longer and greener, and we will—"

"All right, all right," said the office boy, snatching his thumb and finger close to the clever young hypnotist's ear. "Wake up! It's all over."

"Where am I?" the clever young hypnotist asked.

"Out in the alley. I guess the donkey didn't like that last grass. He kicked."

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

Seaside Maiden Gives Up Everything, Including Her Love for Her Lover.

The maiden was suffering with seasickness. In fact, she was, "at the time when the incidents of this story open," a veritable mal de mermaid. Her lover, whose heart ached at her most unromantic gaspings over the rail and her agitated and strenuous effort to "amp the hole in the bottom of the sea," approached her tenderly, relates the *Los Angeles Herald*.

"It is too bad," he said, idiotically.

"Is—is it?" she asked, satirically, as she again made Pelee-old demonstrations.

"Too bad you had to give up," he continued, with the same beautiful intelligence that characterizes all persons who try to render first aid to the seasick.

"Yes," she said, with exasperated savagery, as she wiped the tears from her reddening lids. "I have given up everything but my love for you; and now—"

she made a wild reach for the rail once more, and, after a few moments, she completed her sentence—"there, that's gone, too."

But they made up again when she was better.

Why It Was All Right.—"You needn't be at all afraid to speak to papa, George. I am sure he will be all right."

"What makes you think so?" "He asked me last night what your business is, and when I said you were a retired coal-dealer he smiled and said he guessed that settled it."

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Cured by Pe-ru-na of Systemic Catarrh.

An Interesting Letter From Mrs. M. K. Bousch, of Richmond, and Her Little Daughter, Pearl.



Mrs. M. K. Bousch, Richmond, Va., writes:

"I had catarrh all through my system for two years and could get no relief. I was advised to try *Peruna*, and I have taken five bottles of it and am well and better now than I have been for years. I can advise any one who has catarrh of any part of the body to take *Peruna*. My little girl, who is eleven years old had catarrh, but was cured by *Peruna*. Before I began to take *Peruna* I was sick all the time, but now I am entirely cured and all praise is due *Peruna*."—Mrs. M. K. Bousch.

Miss Pearl Bousch, writes: "When I was a baby I contracted catarrh, and



was doctored by several good physicians, but none did me any good. My mother was taking *Peruna* at the time and gave some of it to me, and I soon began to improve, and am now well and fat as a little pig. I am twelve years old. The doctors told mother I had the consumption, but it was only catarrh."—Miss Pearl Bousch.

It is no longer a question as to whether *Peruna* can be relied on to cure all such cases. During the many years in which *Peruna* has been put to test in all forms and stages of acute and chronic catarrh no one year has put this remedy to greater test than the past year.

Peruna is the acknowledged catarrh remedy of the age. Dr. Hartman, the compounder of *Peruna*, has written a book on the phases of catarrh peculiar to women, entitled, "Health and Beauty." It will be sent free to any address by The *Peruna Medicine Co.*, Columbus, O.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of *Peruna*, write at once to Dr. Hartman giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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For Infants and Children

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Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales and soften the thickened cuticle, gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, are all that can be desired for the alleviation of the suffering of skintormented infants and children and the comfort of worn-out, worried mothers. A single set is often sufficient to cure when the best physicians fail.

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